

BLAZE CARSON

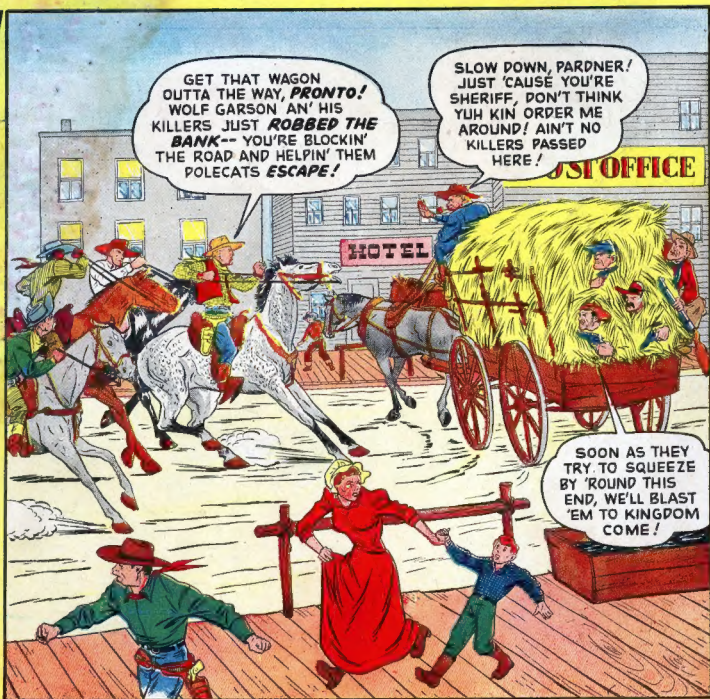
MAR.
NO. 4

OUTLAW BUSTER!

10¢
K



WESTERN ACTION



NEW! *It's A HIT!* Jim Prentice SENSATIONAL, NEW 1949 ELECTRIC BASEBALL

Made and Guaranteed by ELECTRIC GAME CO., INC., 912 Front St., Holyoke, Mass.

BOYS! NOW YOU CAN PLAY BASEBALL ANYTIME - DAY OR NIGHT, COME RAIN, SLEET OR SNOW!



SAYS DAD... THE COACH

HEY, I COULD HARDLY SEE THAT LAST BALL. LET'S QUIT BEFORE SOMEBODY'S BEAMED!

GAME CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS, BOYS!

AW, SHUCKS, COACH, DO WE HAVE TO QUIT, JUST AS I WAS GOING GOOD

HEY, FELLERS, I'VE GOT AN IDEA! I'VE FOLLOW ME TO MY HOUSE!



WE CAN CONTINUE PLAYING ON THIS INDOOR ELECTRIC BASEBALL GAME!

OH, BOY! LET'S GO!

HEY, THAT'S KEEN!

I LIKE THE WAY THE PITCHER CONTROLS THE SPEED OF THE BALL! THE BAT CONTACT IS TRIGGER FAST! EACH PLAYER MUST BE WIDE AWAKE. YES! THE AMAZING ELECTRIC "BRAIN" FLASHES ALL THE PLAYS! IT'S JUST LIKE BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL!

WE WANT A HOME RUN!

STRIKE HIM OUT!

I'LL PLAY THE WINNER, SON. THAT LOOKS LIKE THE BEST GAME I'VE EVER SEEN, AND IT CAN'T BE CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS!

WATCH MY FAST BALL!



Big 14 x 16 in.

STEEL BALL MOVES IN PLAY



Hi, Fellers!

This great invention brings you all the fun, fast action, and booming enthusiasm of sandlot games. Let's play... It's the last of the 9th... score tied... bases loaded. You are the last man up with 3 balls and 2 strikes. The next pitch is it! Will you WHAM a homer or WHIFF the breeze? Hero or dud? Better must be sharp to "cut" the steel ball as it rings through the slot at homeplate. He learns the fine points, when to bunt, smash it or sacrifice. The play breath-taking excitement, just like big league ball game. And, you will never get enough, though you play it 1000 times. Size 14 x 16 in. with big yellow frame, substantially built.

\$3.00 POSTPAID

Special Price! If you act today you can get your game at the special pre-season price of \$3.00, complete with new extra long-life (15-times) battery, ready to play. Or, if you prefer, pay \$1 to this ad and pay the balance \$2.00 on delivery. **WE PAY POSTAGE AND COLLECTION CHARGES.**

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE 5 DAYS TRIAL

ELECTRIC GAME CO., INC.
912 Front St., Holyoke, Mass.

\$3.00	\$2.50	
MARSHALL	FOOTBALL	AMOUNT ENCLOSURE

C.O.D. Send \$1. Postman collects balance.

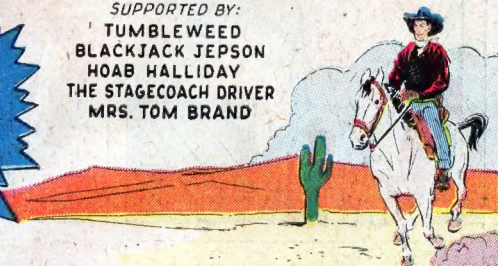
Name _____ Age _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

BLAZE CARSON

"ONE
TOOTHACHE
PLUS
MURDER
EQUALS:
?"

SUPPORTED BY:
TUMBLEWEED
BLACKJACK JEPSON
HOAB HALLIDAY
THE STAGECOACH DRIVER
MRS. TOM BRAND

4519



RED DOG, HUM? RECKON I'LL STOP AN' WET MY WHISTLE! I'LL SHOW THAT SHERIFF CARSON COYOTE HE CAN'T RUN ME OUTTA TOWN AN' MAKE IT STICK!



SURE-SHOT SALOON

RECKON I'LL SEE HOAB HALLIDAY! MAYBE HE KIN THROW SOMETHIN' MY WAY!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER, AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...

BLAZE, THAT KILLER, BLACKJACK JEPSON, IS IN TOWN! HE'S OVER AT THE SURE-SHOT SALOON!

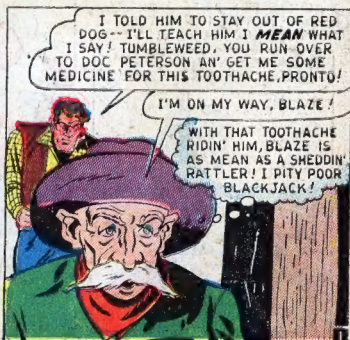
HUMPH! A SERIES OF UNSOLVED STAGE HOLDUPS-- A TOOTHACHE SO BAD I CAN'T SEE STRAIGHT--AN' NOW BLACKJACK JEPSON! HE'S ALL I NEEDED TO MAKE MY MISERY COMPLETE!



I TOLD HIM TO STAY OUT OF RED DOG-- I'LL TEACH HIM I **MEAN** WHAT I SAY! TUMBLEWEED, YOU RUN OVER TO DOC PETERSON AN' GET ME SOME MEDICINE FOR THIS TOOTHACHE, PRONTO!

I'M ON MY WAY, BLAZE!

WITH THAT TOOTHACHE RIDIN' HIM, BLAZE IS AS MEAN AS A SHEDDIN' RATTLER! I PITY POOR BLACKJACK!



WHILE TUMBLEWEED PERFORMS HIS ERRAND AT DOCTOR PETERSON'S, BLAZE ENTERS THE SURE-SHOT SALOON!



I'M SICK OF YOU TELLING ME WHAT TO DO, LAWMAN! RECKON I'LL SHUT YOU 'UP **PERMANENT!**

I'M GLAD YOU FEEL THAT WAY-- THIS'LL TAKE MY MIND OFF MY **TOOTHACHE!**

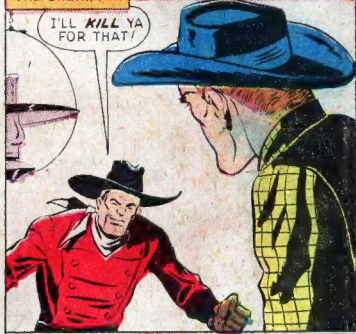


OWWWW!



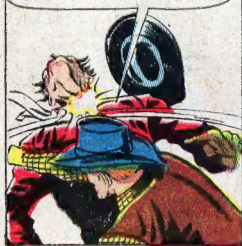
MAD WITH RAGE, THE KILLER-BADMAN RUSHES THE SHERIFF...

I'LL **KILL** YA FOR THAT!



THEN BLAZE STRIKES, WITH ALL THE PENT-UP FURY THAT THE ACHING TOOTH HAS BROUGHT HIM-- VENTING HIS PAIN ON THE VENOMOUS KILLER!

I WARNED YOU TO **STAY OUT OF MY TERRITORY!**



MAYBE **THIS** WILL HELP YOU REMEMBER!



NOW **GET OUT OF TOWN**! AN' **DON'T COME BACK**--I WON'T WARN YOU AGAIN! I'VE GOT HALF A HUNCH YOU'RE MIXED UP IN THE STAGECOACH HOLDUPS, AN' IF I FIND OUT I'M RIGHT, I'M GOIN' TO MAKE YOU WISH YOU WERE **NEVER BORN!**



AS BLAZE LEAVES THE SALOON A MAN ENTERS FROM THE REAR, DUSTY AFTER A FAST RIDE! THE MAN IS HOAB HALLIDAY, OWNER OF THE SURE-SHOT!



THAT WAS AN AWFUL BEATING YOU TOOK, BLACKJACK! STAY IN HERE FOR AWHILE-THINGS ARE GONNA START POPPIN' SOON AN' MAYBE I CAN SHOW YOU HOW TO GET EVEN WITH THAT LAWMAN!

THAT'S THE FIRST INTERESTIN' PIECE OF CONVERSATION I'VE HEARD SINCE I RODE INTO RED DOG!

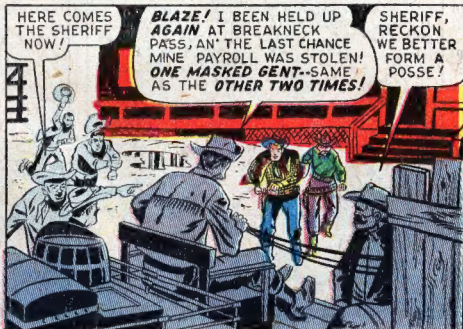
MEANWHILE, IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE!

THERE'S THE TOOTHACHE PAINKILLER, BLAZE! DOC DIDN'T HAVE ANY EMPTY BOTTLES SO HE PUT IT IN A WHISKEY BOTTLE!

THANKS, TUMBLEWEED! IF I DON'T GET RID OF THIS TOOTHACHE SOON I'LL GO LOCO!



THE SHERIFF AND HIS DEPUTY RUSH TOWARD THE STAGE AND ITS IRATE DRIVER AS THE TOWNSFOLK GATHER!



SAY! WHAT'S THAT HOLLERIN' ABOUT?

IT'S THE STAGE ROLLIN' IN--SOMETHING'S WRONG! DANGED IF I DON'T THINK IT'S BEEN HELD UP AGAIN!

HERE COMES THE SHERIFF NOW!

BLAZE! I BEEN HELD UP AGAIN AT BREAKNECK PASS, AN' THE LAST CHANCE MINE PAYROLL WAS STOLEN! ONE MASKED GENT--SAME AS THE OTHER TWO TIMES!

SHERIFF, RECKON WE BETTER FORM A POSSE!



PAIN SHOOTING THROUGH HIS JAW AND HEAD FROM THE AILING TOOTH, BLAZE CARSON SCARCELY FEELS LIKE TAKING A HARD, DUSTY RIDE IN THE HOT SUN!

I DON'T THINK IT WOULD DO MUCH GOOD TO GO CHASING OUT TO BREAKNECK PASS!

I DEMAND WE FORM A POSSE AN' RIDE OUT THERE! SEEMS LIKE YOU'RE **NOT TOO ANXIOUS** TO CATCH THIS HOLDUP MAN, SHERIFF, AND THAT'S MIGHTY **SUSPICIOUS!**



ALL RIGHT! SADDLE UP MEN, AN' WE'LL RIDE OUT!

I'LL GET MY GUNS!



INSIDE THE SALOON, HALLIDAY TALKS QUICKLY TO BLACKJACK JEPSON!

LISTEN, BLACKJACK, GET YOUR CAYUSE AN' VAMOOSE TO BREAKNECK PASS! HIDE IN THE ROCKS ON THE NORTH SIDE--WHEN THE SHERIFF AN' HIS POSSE GET THERE YOU CAN BUSHWHACK CARSON AN' RIDE THE CREEK BACK TO TOWN TO COVER YOUR TRACKS!

HOW COME YOU'RE SO SET ON HIS KILLIN'?

CARSON IS SMART AN' DANGEROUS--BECAUSE OF THAT I HAVE MY OWN REASONS FOR WANTING HIM PLANTED! SINK YOUR LEAD INTO HIM, BLACKJACK, AND I'LL PAY YOU \$500!

IT'S A DEAL! I'LL BE BACK TO COLLECT!

AFTER A SHORT DELAY WAITING FOR HALLIDAY, THE POSSE TAKES THE TRAIL--EVERY FOOTFALL OF HIS BIG GRAY A JOLTING AGONY TO BLAZE CARSON!

TUMBLEWEED, IN THE EXCITEMENT I FORGOT TO TAKE DOC'S TOOTHACHE MEDICINE!

HALLIDAY, YOU BEEN RIDIN' TODAY?

NO! IF IT'S ANY OF YOUR BUSINESS!

RECKON SOMEONE BORROWED YOUR MARE THEN, 'CAUSE SHE SURE'S BEEN RIDDEN HARD AND NOT TOO LONG AGO!

IF YOU SPENT AS MUCH TIME RUNNIN' DOWN BADMEN AS YOU DO EXAMININ' YOUR NEIGHBOR'S HORSES MAYBE YOU'D CATCH THIS STAGE BANDIT!

MEBBE THE TWO ACTIVITIES RIDE HAND IN HAND, HALLIDAY!

ARE YOU INSINUATIN' THAT...

BREAKNECK PASS, GENTS!

ARRIVAL AT THE SCENE OF THE HOLDUP BREAKS THE TENSENESS BETWEEN HALLIDAY AND THE LAWMEN!

KEEP YOUR EYE ON HALLIDAY!

YEP! RECKON THAT HOMBRE'LL BEAR WATCHIN'!

LOOK! HERE'S WHERE THE HOLDUP MAN SAT HIS HORSE!

PULL UP, YOU DANGED FOOL! YOU'RE TRAMPLIN' ALL OVER THE TRACKS!

BLAZE CARSON LEANS FROM HIS SADDLE TO SEE IF ANY IMPORTANT INFORMATION CAN BE GLEANED FROM THE MESSED-UP TRACKS. WHEN...



IT CAME FROM THE ROCKS ABOVE! WE CAN'T GET TO THEM UNLESS WE RIDE CLEAR AROUND THE PASS!



DANGER!
BUSHWHACKER!
TIME WE RIDE 'ROUND THE PASS THE COYOTE'LL BE IN MEXICO!

RECKON THAT BUSHWHACKER IS THE HOLDUP MAN YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR! NEXT TIME MEBBE YOU'LL THINK **FIRST** 'FORE MAKIN' INSINUATIN' REMARKS TO AN **HONEST BUSINESSMAN!**

MEBBE YOU HAVE 'CAUSE TO KICK, HALLIDAY! ANYWAY IT'S GETTIN' TOO DARK TO SEE ANYTHING HERE! MIGHT AS WELL HEAD BACK TO TOWN!



THE POSSE BACKTRACKS TO TOWN WITH BLAZE CARSON FIGHTING THE PAIN THAT ENGULFS HIM--WHILE HALLIDAY WALLOWS IN DEEP THOUGHT...

THAT FOOL BLACKTRACK-- **MISSING!** I'VE GOT TO GET RID OF CARSON-- HE NOTICED THE MARE AND IS SUSPICIOUS! IF IT WEREN'T FOR THAT TOOTHACHE HE'D HAVE MOVED AGAINST ME ALREADY!



DARKNESS BLANKETS RED DOG WITH A VELVET CLOAK AS THE POSSE RIDES IN...

SHERIFF! SHERIFF! MY MAN TOM'S BEEN MISSIN' SINCE **NOON!** YOU'VE GOT TO **FIND HIM!**

BUT, MA'AM, I'VE GOT TO GET TO MY OFFICE! I'VE GOT A TERRIBLE TOOTHACHE AN' THERE'S SOME MED--



IT'S YOUR DUTY AS SHERIFF TO FIND MY TOM, AN'...

ALL RIGHT, MA'AM-- SOON'S I PUT UP MY HORSE!



INSIDE THE SURE-SHOT SALOON, HALLIDAY IS INFURIATED AS HE FACES THE DRYGULCHER, BLACKJACK!

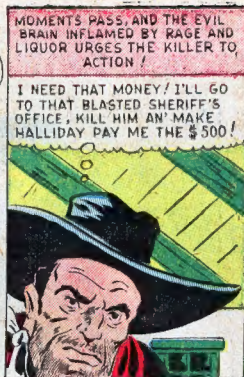
ALL RIGHT, **SAY IT-- I MISSED!** BUT HOW DID I KNOW HE WAS GONNA DUCK? I WAS AFRAID TO TRY A SECOND SHOT! I SKEDADDLED-- JUST GOT HERE!

YOU FOOL! I SUPPOSE YOU TOOK A **BOTTLE** ALONG! YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE AN' YOU **MUFFED IT!**





THERE'LL BE **NO** NEXT TIME FOR YOU! I'LL GET HIM MYSELF AN' SAVE \$500! I'M GONNA CLEAN UP AN' YOU'D BEST RIDE OUT, NOW THAT IT'S DARK!



MOMENTS PASS, AND THE EVIL BRAIN INFLAMED BY RAGE AND LIQUOR URGES THE KILLER TO ACTION!

I NEED THAT MONEY! I'LL GO TO THAT BLASTED SHERIFF'S OFFICE, KILL HIM AN' MAKE HALLIDAY PAY ME THE \$500!



COVERED BY THE DEEP BLACKNESS OF THE MOONLESS NIGHT, THE KILLER REACHES THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...

NOBODY'S HERE! I'LL GO IN AN' WAIT, THEN BLAST HIM AS HE COMES IN THE DOOR!



MINUTES PASS LIKE HOURS AND THE HALF-DRUNKEN BADMAN BECOMES THIRSTIER WITH EACH PASSING MOMENT!

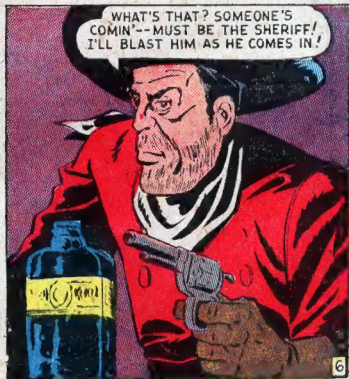
WHY DIDN'T I THINK TO BRING A BOTTLE? MY MOUTH FEELS LIKE IT'S FULL OF COTTON! WHAT'S THIS? LOOKS LIKE A BOTTLE!



AH, IT'S A BOTTLE--A BOTTLE OF **WHISKEY!** HA! MIGHT'S WELL DRINK A TOAST TO THE SHERIFF'S DEATH WITH THE SHERIFF'S OWN WHISKEY!



(GURGLE!)(GURGLE!)



WHAT'S THAT? SOMEONE'S COMIN'-- MUST BE THE SHERIFF! I'LL BLAST HIM AS HE COMES IN!

A DARK FIGURE LOOMS IN THE DOORWAY--THE KILLER'S GUN TIPS UP, AND...



THE MAN AT THE DOOR STIFFENS, THEN SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR LIKE A BROKEN DOLL!



BLACKJACK HEADS BACK TOWARD THE SURE-SHOT SALOON, HIS GAIT UNSTEADY, HIS HEAD POUNDING!



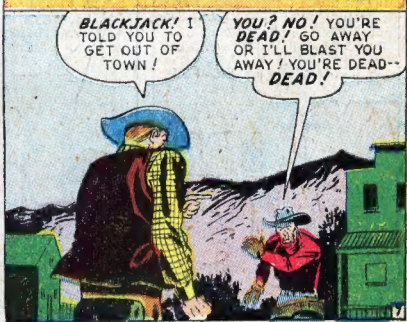
WHILE FROM THE OTHER END OF TOWN...



IF I DON'T GET THAT PAIN-KILLER ON THIS TOOTH SOON I'LL PASS OUT! IT'S HURTIN' SO MUCH NOW I CAN'T EVEN SEE STRAIGHT!



AND A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE TWO MEN FACE EACH OTHER IN FRONT OF THE SURE-SHOT SALOON!



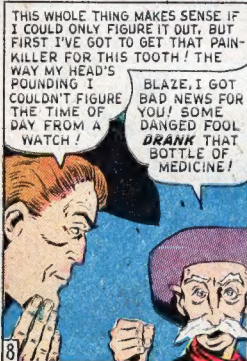
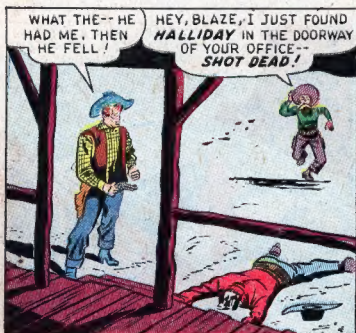
A NAMELESS HORROR DRAGGING AT HIM, THE KILLER REVERTS TO HIS GUN! BOTH MEN DRAW-- BUT WITH PAIN DRAGGING AT HIM WITH EVERY MOVEMENT, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE BLAZE CARSON'S DRAW IS TOO SLOW!



THEN A STRANGE THING HAPPENS--BLACKJACK'S EYES SEEM TO GLAZE, THE LEVELED GUN FALLS TO THE DUST, HE ROCKS ON HIS FEET...



...AND SLOWLY CRUMPLES TO THE GROUND!





MARVEL COMIC GROUP

*a letter
to our readers
and their
PARENTS!*

HI, FRIENDS:

It has been reliably reported that in England, back in the 18th Century, book stores were called "slop shops of literature," simply because they sold novels. And that was the century in which some of our greatest classics were written: the century of Defoe, who wrote Robinson Crusoe, and Swift and his Gulliver's Travels. It was also the century of Dr. Samuel Johnson, one of the brightest stars in the history of English literature. And it was Dr. Johnson who most vociferously defended the right of booksellers to sell the new, much abused novels and the right of authors to express themselves in this medium if they desired.

But what Dr. Johnson defended most enthusiastically was the right of the public to read what they wanted to read. And what we are defending is the right of youngsters to read whichever they like of the many, many good, clean comics currently being published.

Just as the critics of the 18th Century rapped the books which are now classics, in the same way there are critics of today, screaming and tearing out their hair, because a new kind of magazine, still in its infancy, is not to their liking. And as in the case of the novel, it is still too early for any man to pass judgment on the comics.

Let these critics of today look to their history. Let them decide if they want to be remembered as the 20th Century counterpart of the people who called Robinson Crusoe "slop".

And let the people of America decide if they want to be swayed by critics exercising premature judgment . . . or if they want to wait and watch, and soon realize that most comic magazines are really good, clean, healthful and entertaining reading matter.

THE EDITORS,
MARVEL COMIC GROUP

P. S.—Remember: Dr. Jean Thompson, School Psychiatrist, Child Guidance Bureau, New York City Board of Education, is now our Editorial Consultant. Dr. Thompson's professional examination of our magazines, as advisor to our staff, (see Page 1) is your guarantee that the Marvel Comic Group magazines are striving to bring you the very best in reading matter . . . and it is also your best argument that no one should ever take away your right to read these magazines.

RED UNIT

ALL WESTERN WINNERS
BLAZE CARSON
BLONDE PHANTOM
CAPTAIN AMERICA
CINDY
COMEDY COMICS
GEORGIE AND JUDY
HEDY DeVINE
HUMAN TORCH
JEANIE
JOKER COMICS
KID COLT
LANA

MARGE
MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS
MILLIE THE MODEL
NELLIE THE NURSE
PATSY WALKER
SUB MARINER
TEEN COMICS
TESSIE THE TYPIST
TEX MORGAN
TEX TAYLOR
TWO GUN KID
WILD WESTERN
WILLIE

BLUE-YELLOW UNIT

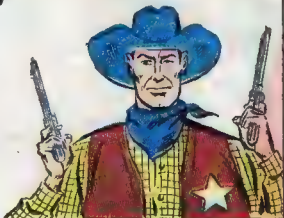
ALL TRUE CRIME CASES
COMPLETE MYSTERY
CRIMEFIGHTERS ALWAYS WIN
FRANKIE AND LANA
GAY COMICS
IDEAL COMICS
JUNIOR MISS
JUSTICE COMICS
LAWBREAKERS ALWAYS LOSE
MITZI'S BOY FRIEND
MY ROMANCE
OSCAR

BLAZE CARSON

"THE
CASE
OF THE
LIVING
DEAD
MAN!"

4493

SUPPORTED BY:
JACK CARSTAIRS
SALLY MCCOY
HANK MCCOY
ASHER HOBART
AND
TUMBLEWEED



'FRISCO—CITY OF FOG AND MEN OF THE SEA!
HERE AT A WATERFRONT CAFE OUR STORY
BEGINS...



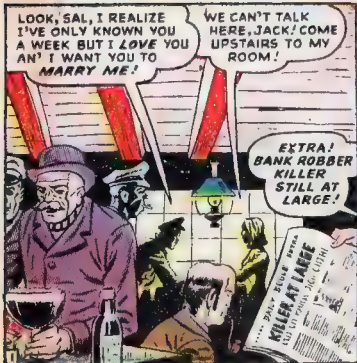
BULL, HAVE YOU
SEEN
SALLY?

YEAH, OVER THERE NEAR
THE WINDOW!

HELLO, SAL! ARE--
ARE YOU GLAD TO
SEE ME?

SURE I AM, JACK!
I'M ALWAYS GLAD
TO SEE YOU!

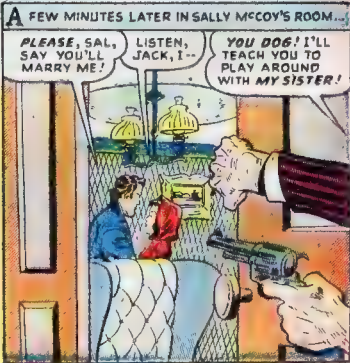
ESPECIALLY
TONIGHT!



LOOK, SAL, I REALIZE
I'VE ONLY KNOWN YOU
A WEEK BUT I LOVE YOU
AN' I WANT YOU TO
MARRY ME!

WE CAN'T TALK
HERE, JACK! COME
UPSTAIRS TO MY
ROOM!

EXTRA!
BANK ROBBER
KILLER
STILL AT
LARGE!

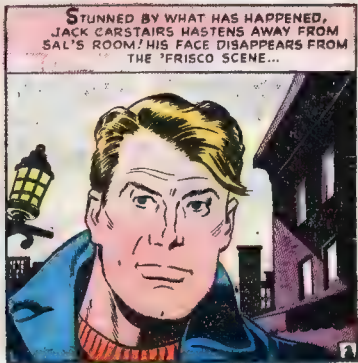
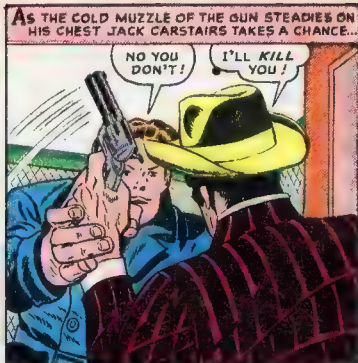
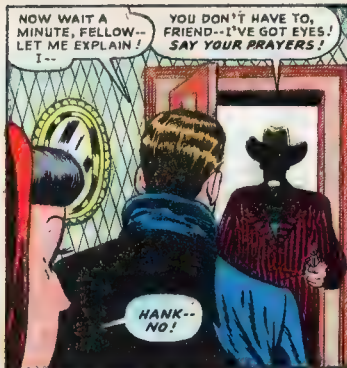


A FEW MINUTES LATER IN SALLY MCCOY'S ROOM...

PLEASE, SAL,
SAY YOU'LL
MARRY ME!

LISTEN,
JACK, I--

YOU DOG! I'LL
TEACH YOU TO
PLAY AROUND
WITH MY SISTER!



...AND A YEAR LATER THAT SAME FACE PEERS FROM A REWARD POSTER IN BLAZE CARSON'S OFFICE IN THE LITTLE WESTERN TOWN OF RED-DOG?

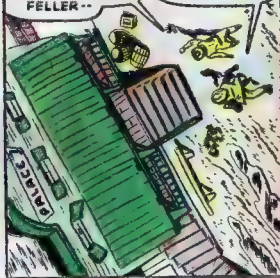


SUFFERIN' SNAKES! BLAZE, DANGED IF I DIDN'T SEE THAT THERE CRITTER ARE YOU SURE, TUMBLEWEED? IN THE PALACE SALOON JUST A FEW MINUTES AGO!



SURE, I'M SURE! I NEVER FERGIT A FACE OR A NAME, LIKE THE TIME I SAW THAT THERE WHAT'S-HIS-NAME FELLER--

TELL ME SOME OTHER TIME! LET'S GET JACK CARSTAIRS FIRST! I REMEMBER THAT CASE!



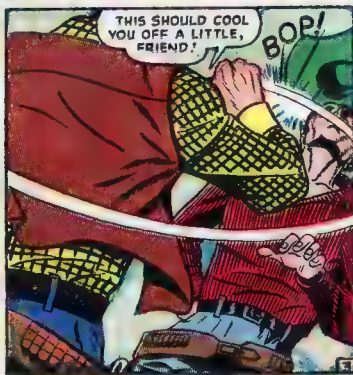
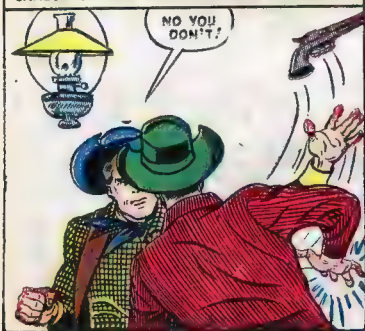
BLAZE AND HIS DEPUTY ENTER THE PALACE SALOON...

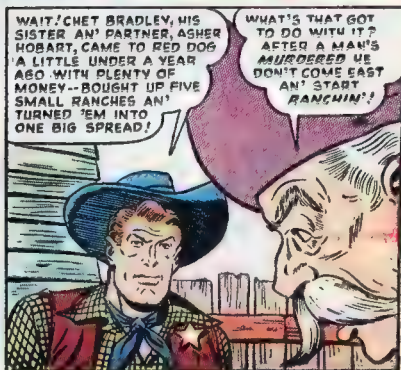
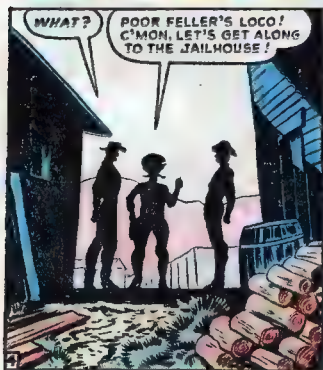
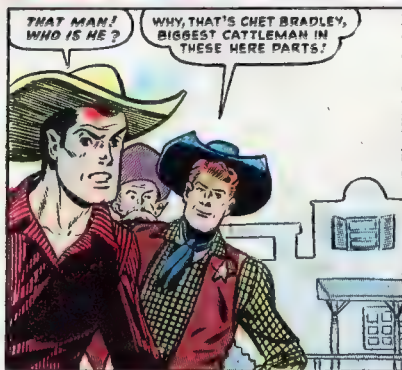
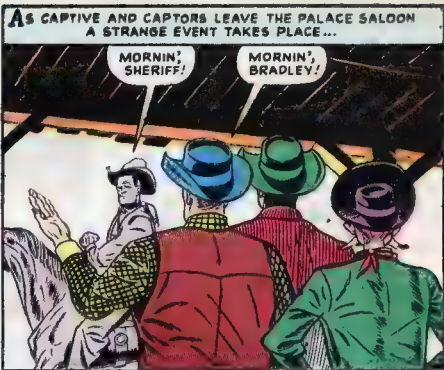


QUICKLY THE SHERIFF APPROACHES THE WANTED MAN!



AS CARSTAIRS' GUN CLEARS LEATHER, BLAZE CARSON SPARKS INTO LIGHTNING ACTION...



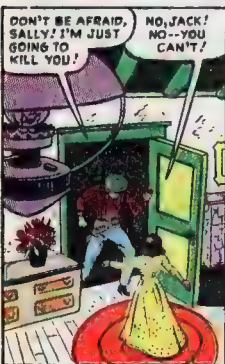




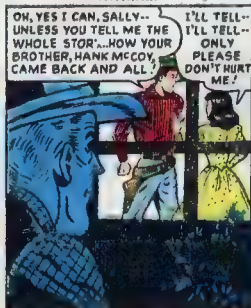
AN HOUR'S DUSTY RIDE AND THE SHERIFF AND HIS CAPTIVE
APPROACH THE B&H RANCH!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, JACK CARSTAIRS KNOCKS
ON THE RANCH-HOUSE DOOR! FOOTSTEPS APPROACH
FROM THE INSIDE--THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN AND...



OUTSIDE THE RANCH-HOUSE WINDOW
BLAZE CARSON CROUCHES, LISTENING
ATTENTIVELY TO THE DRAMA UNFOLDING
WITHIN...



ENGROSSSED IN THE GIRL'S
CONFESSION, BLAZE CARSON
FAILS TO HEAR THE APPROACH
OF STEALTHY FOOTSTEPS UNTIL...



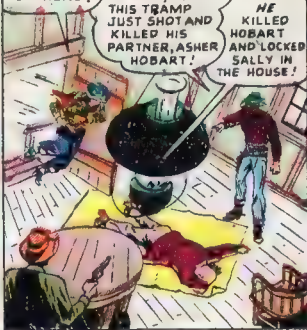
THE SHERIFF GOES DOWN FOR THE COUNT...AND A FEW MINUTES LATER, BLAZE GROGGILY SITS UP!



SUDDENLY A GUN BLAST ROCKS OUT, SHATTERING THE SILENCE!



WHAT GOES ON HERE?



BRADLEY, DROP THAT GUN! I'M TAKING YOU ALL INTO TOWN UNTIL I GET AN ANSWER TO A TELEGRAM I SENT THAT WOULD UNRAVEL THIS MESS!



FACING EACH OTHER OVER DEADLY GUNS WITH BUT A FEW FEET SEPARATING THEM, THE TWO MEN STAND TENSE!

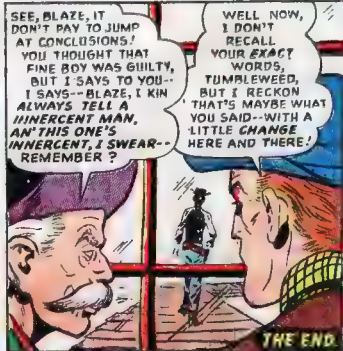
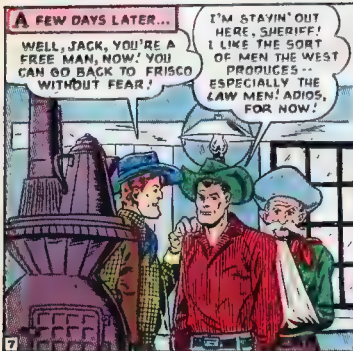
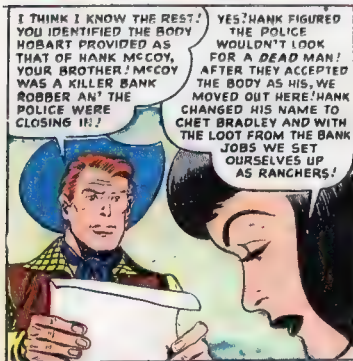


I GOT THE ANSWER, BLAZE! DANGED IF HE WEREN'T RIGHT!



BRADLEY STRIKES--BUT AS HE SHOOTS, TUMBLEWEED BLUNDERS INTO THE PATH OF THE SPEEDING LEAD...





THE
STORY
BEHIND
THE
COVER!

BLAZE CARSON IN

"HAYRIDE of DOOM!"

CLOUDS scudded across a leaden sky, and errant leaves fitfully danced in Red Dog's dusty streets and rustled to rest against the little stone mill house.

"Looks like a storm comin' down from the mountains," Blaze Carson, Red Dog's sheriff, remarked to his deputy, Tumbleweed.

"Don't I know it! My rheumatiz is killin' me! Rubbed myself with snake oil last night, an' today muh joints're clackin' like a snake's rattlers!"

Suddenly the vicious crack of gunfire smashed the heavy air and chased away on the rising breeze; the thunder of racing hoofs followed in quick staccato. A cry rang out, a cry that raised the age-old shape of trouble.

"The bank's been robbed!"

Quickly the lawman, with his deputy limping behind him, headed for the center of the trouble.

"Who was it, Johnson?" he asked the man who had shouted. "Which way did they go?"

"It was the Wolf Garson gang! They shot Josh and headed round the livery stable—toward the South Pass, I reckon!"

Blaze raised his head and keened the air like a hound dog

on a scent. Then he turned to Tumbleweed, his eyes glinting like slivers of cold blue steel.

"Saddle up the horses, Tumbleweed—we've got to hit their trail pronto! If we tarry, that storm will be on us and wash out their tracks."

"On muh way, Blaze! Doldang these ornery joints o' mine—make a feller feel old!"

Blaze turned to Johnson again, his hand testing the ease of gun in holster, his body taut



with urgency and the knowledge of what lay ahead.

"I need a posse pronto! Who's in town?"

"Nobody that can do you much good—just some nestors from Red Dog Basin. The cattlemen an' cowboys are out on the range hopin' to nurse their dogies through this here storm that's a-gatherin'. Them nestors ain't hardly worth considering against Colt-quick killers like the Wolf Garson gang!"

"No matter—they'll have to do. Round them up an' send them over to the jail, and I'll arm them."

A meagery few nestors answered the call and were armed and mounted. Guns and horses fitted them badly. These were no men of viglence, these were simple souls, men of peace, of the plow and the earth, but these were the only men that were available for the sheriff's posse.

With Blaze Carson and Tumbleweed at its head, the little cavalcade slammed down the street in a cloud of low-hanging dust toward the livery stable and the South Pass.

As they reached the livery stable a huge wagon, loaded with hay and drawn by two racy-looking ponies, emerged from the yawning maw of the stable and, circling clumsily, blocked the road.

Blaze and his fast-moving posse slid to a dusty standstill.

"Get that wagon out of the way muy pronto!" the sheriff roared.

"Hold your horses, hombrel! Just 'cause you're sheriff don't rightly give ya no call to order honest men around."

"You fool, the bank's just been blasted open by the Wolf Garson gang, an' you're blockin'

the road and keepin' us from catchin' up with them!"

As if to accompany the sheriff's just anger, a streak of lightning lashed the sky and spread its unnatural light in a sulphurous flash over the scene. But in that split second a wicked twinkle showed from the hay of the obstructing wagon and caught the sheriff's eye—the flash of light on a gun barrel!

Thunder growled as suspicion took concrete shape in Blaze Carson's mind. For some reason or other the Wolf Garson gang had not ridden the South Pass! They had turned back and were now hidden in the hay that piled the wagon!

Quickly the picture took shape. The man at the wagon's reins was a stranger. The horses hitched to the wagon were saddlers, not dray horses. They had no mark of harness on their slick hides.

Blaze glanced back at his men. These nestors were no match for desperate killers. They would be cut down like grass before a scythe. He must think of some other way. His glance fell upon a mass of dry kindling stacked against the livery stable wall.

"Tumbleweed!" he called. "Get down and light some of that kindling into torches, and hand them out to the men."

Tumbleweed looked his surprise, but grumblingly carried out Blaze's orders.

"You gone loco, Blaze? 'Tain't dark enough to use torches, an' 'tain't cold enough neither."

While the lighted torches were being passed out to his bewildered men, Blaze Carson kept his narrow gaze on the teamster who was irritably sawing at the ponies' mouths.

"You got the cayuses boogery, tosin' those dang torches around, mister. Why don't you ride on and let me be?"

Blaze glanced at the livery stable wall; next to it the edge of the saloon jutted out, forming an L of blank wall space. "If I can back the wagon into that L," he thought, "those killers would have to come out the front of the wagon and we'd have the advantage."

A touch of the spur and the sheriff's big gray pranced forward.

"I couldn't leave you in such a spot without helpin' you, stranger," Blaze said, as he reached for the reins at the wagon horses' heads.

A quick yank, the grind of rusty wheels, and the hay- and death-laden vehicle edged into the blank walled L.

Blaze pulled gently on his gray's reins, and the powerful animal backed quickly toward the posse. Blaze called out sharply, "All right! You men in the hay—you're trapped! You can't get out the back of the wagon or the sides! Your only hope is to throw out your guns and surrender! I'll count to three; if your guns aren't on the road when I finish counting, we're goin' to throw these torches into the hay an' burn you out!"

Suddenly, with a snarl, the man on the wagon flashed his gun. Twin shots flashed; then slowly the man bowed grotesquely and, like a stuffed doll, fell sprawling into the dust.

The sheriff held his smoking gun aloft, then ripped his gaze from the fallen man and began his count.

"One!"

"Wait!" a muffled voice called from the hay.

Guns thudded to the ground to join the first drops of rain that spat down, closely followed by the guns' owners, sprinkled with hay and carrying their hands head high. One of the hard-faced group spoke.

"Ya got us, sheriff! We ain't hankerin' to be roasted. Anyway, that hombre ya shot was Wolf Garson himself."

The Wolf Garson gang was marched to jail and the nestors dispersed, thankful that it had not been necessary to meet these gun-seasoned men in open battle.

As the last cell door clanged shut, Blaze Carson asked a question, "You gents were headed for the South Pass—how come ya turned back?"

"Landslide," one of the gang answered. "Covered the whole pass. No place to go but back here. We crawled into the hay an' figured we'd ride outta town thataway, or if we was found out, blast our way out. But cornerin' us the way you did an'—well, we wasn't countin' on bein' trapped in burning hay! It took the fight right out of us."

Tumbleweed looked out the window. The rain was coming down in earnest now.

"Shore was a good idee we had with those there torches, Blaze. Effen I'd a-ridden out in this here storm, there wouldn't be enough snake oil in the whole dangd county to relieve me o' my miseries."

Blaze settled down into a chair by the stove and rolled a smoke.

"Yup, sure was a good idee we had, ol' timer. Well, all's well that ends well."

So ended another day in the life of Blaze Carson, sheriff of Red Dog.

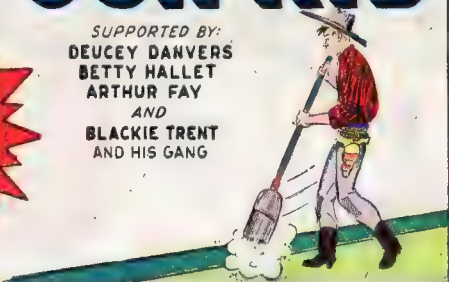
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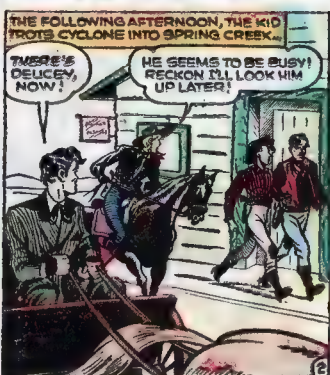
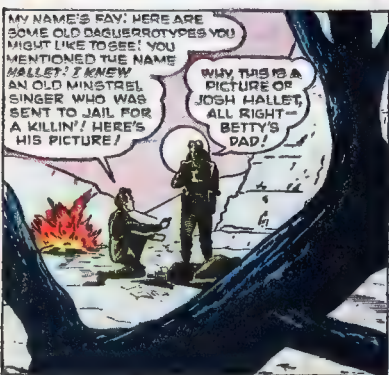
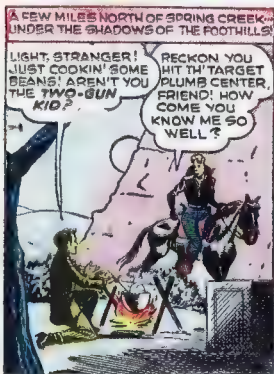
TWO-GUN KID

SUPPORTED BY:
 DEUCEY DANVERS
 BETTY HALLET
 ARTHUR FAY
 AND
 BLACKIE TRENT
 AND HIS GANG

"THE
 SCARECROW
 SHERIFF!"

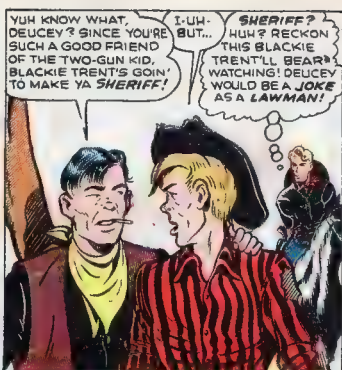
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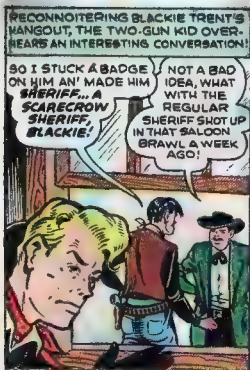
SO THAT'S DEUCEY! WONDER WHY HE CLAIMS I GAVE HIM THOSE GUNS? HE SURE CAN'T USE THEM!



YUH KNOW WHAT, DEUCEY? SINCE YOU'RE SUCH A GOOD FRIEND OF THE TWO-GUN KID, BLACKIE TRENT'S GOIN' TO MAKE YA SHERIFF!

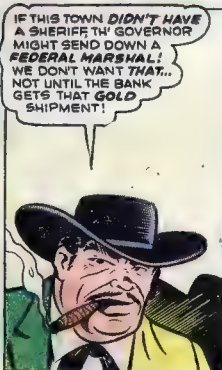
I-UH... BUT...

SHERIFF? HUH? RECKON THIS BLACKIE TRENT'LL BEAR WATCHING! DEUCEY WOULD BE A JOKE AS A LAWMAN!

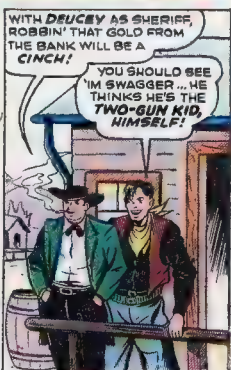


SO I STUCK A BADGE ON HIM AN' MADE HIM SHERIFF... A SCARECROW SHERIFF, BLACKIE!

NOT A BAD IDEA, WHAT WITH THE REGULAR SHERIFF SHOT UP IN THAT SALOON BRAWL A WEEK AGO!

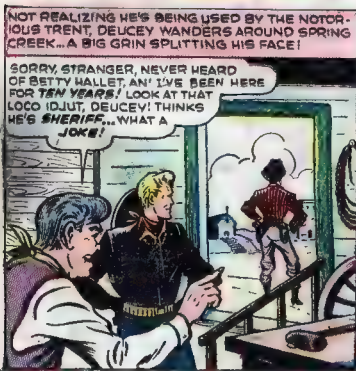


IF THIS TOWN DIDN'T HAVE A SHERIFF TH' GOVERNOR MIGHT SEND DOWN A FEDERAL MARSHAL! WE DON'T WANT THAT... NOT UNTIL THE BANK GETS THAT GOLD SHIPMENT!



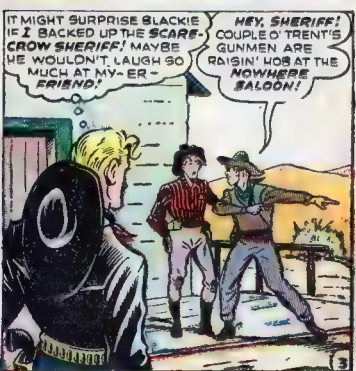
WITH DEUCEY AS SHERIFF, ROBBIN' THAT GOLD FROM THE BANK WILL BE A CINCH!

YOU SHOULD SEE 'IM SWAGGER... HE THINKS HE'S THE TWO-GUN KID, HIMSELF!



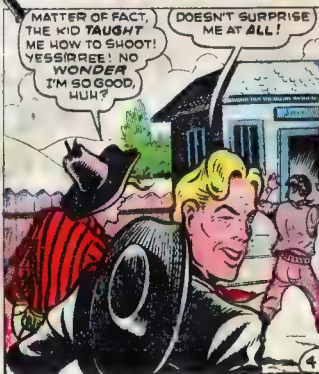
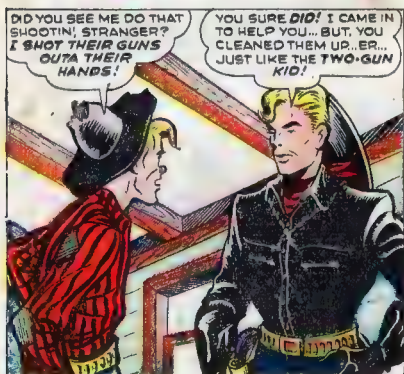
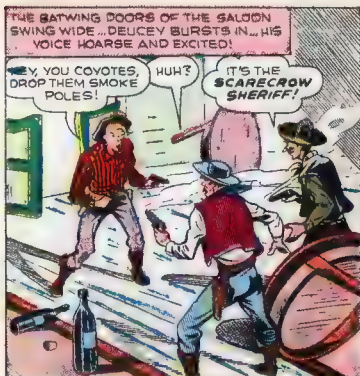
NOT REALIZING HE'S BEING USED BY THE NOTORIOUS TRENT, DEUCEY WANDERS AROUND SPRING CREEK... A BIG GRIN SPLITTING HIS FACE!

SORRY, STRANGER, NEVER HEARD OF BETTY HALLET, AN' I'VE BEEN HERE FOR TEN YEARS! LOOK AT THAT LOCO IDJIT, DEUCEY! THINKS HE'S SHERIFF... WHAT A JOKE!



IT MIGHT SURPRISE BLACKIE IF I BACKED UP THE SCARECROW SHERIFF! MAYBE WE WOULDN'T LAUGH SO MUCH AT MY-ER FRIEND!

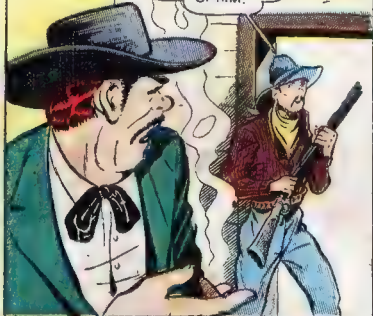
HEY, SHERIFF! COUPLE O' TRENT'S GUNMEN ARE RAISIN' HOS AT THE NOWHERE SALOON!



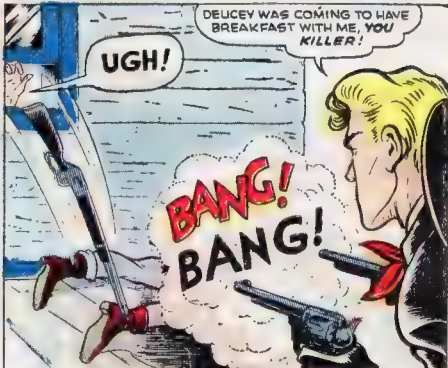
THAT NIGHT, IN A PRIVATE ROOM AT THE NOWHERE SALOON, A FIST SMASHES DOWN, HARD, ON A CHIP-LOADED TABLE!



DEUCEY BEAT US, BLACKIE! WE DIDN'T THINK HE WAS THAT FAST! BUT, I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!



NEXT MORNING, A RIFLE-BARREL IS POKED UNDER A SLIGHTLY LIFTED WINDOW! MINUTES PASS... AND THEN... AS THE SUN BAKES THE FRONTIER TOWN...

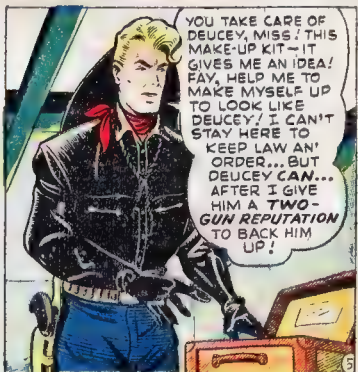


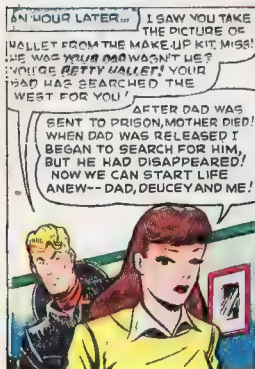
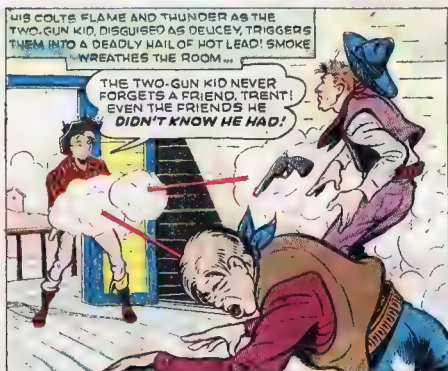
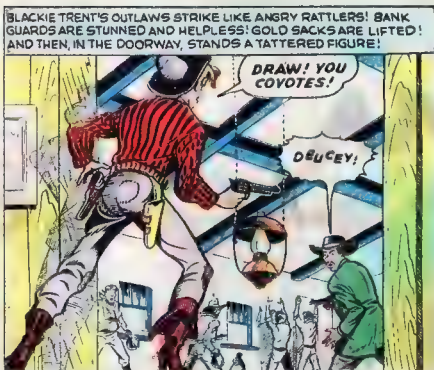
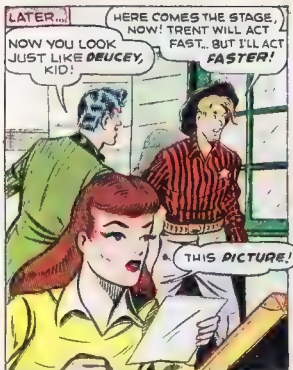
THE GRIM-FACED KID CARRIES DEUCEY INTO THE LITTLE FRONTIER HOTEL...

QUICK! HE'S STILL ALIVE! CALL THE DOC! BLACKIE TRENT DID THIS... AND HE'S GOING TO PAY FOR IT!



YOU TAKE CARE OF DEUCEY, MISS! THIS MAKE-UP KIT—IT GIVES ME AN IDEA! FAY, HELP ME TO MAKE MYSELF UP TO LOOK LIKE DEUCEY! I CAN'T STAY HERE TO KEEP LAW AN' ORDER... BUT DEUCEY CAN... AFTER I GIVE HIM A TWO-GUN REPUTATION TO BACK HIM UP!





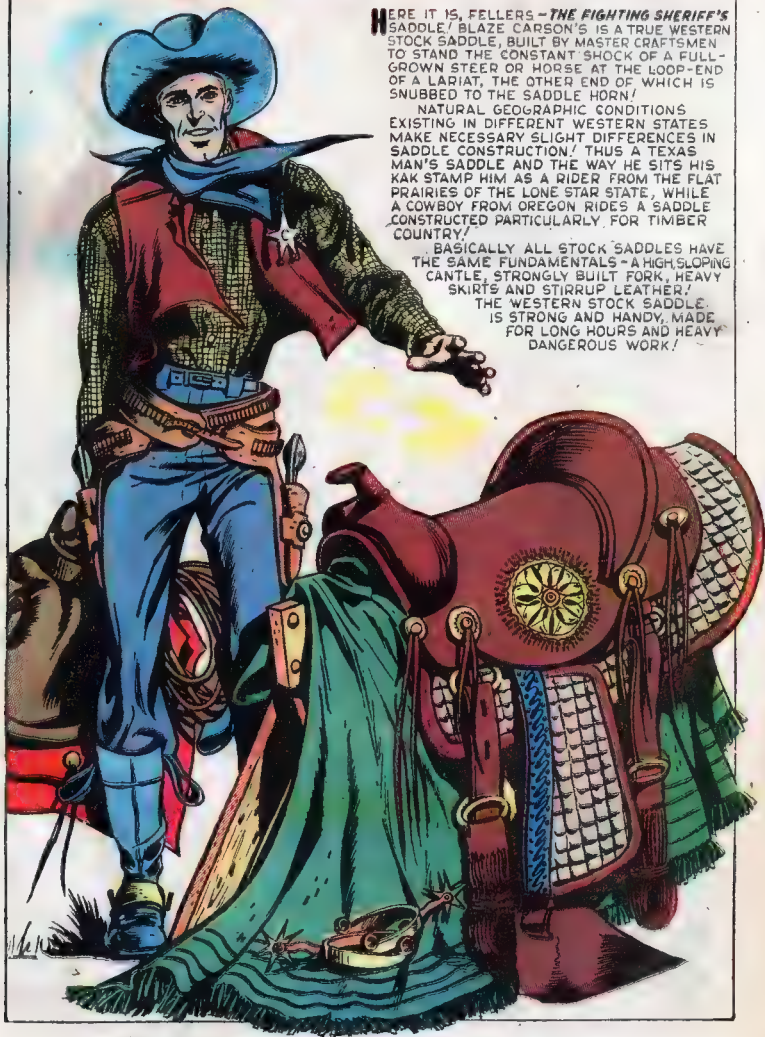
BLAZE CARSON'S FAVORITE SADDLE

HERE IT IS, FELLERS—THE FIGHTING SHERIFF'S SADDLE! BLAZE CARSON'S IS A TRUE WESTERN STOCK SADDLE, BUILT BY MASTER CRAFTSMEN TO STAND THE CONSTANT SHOCK OF A FULL-GROWN STEER OR HORSE AT THE LOOP-END OF A LARIAT, THE OTHER END OF WHICH IS SNUBBED TO THE SADDLE HORN!

NATURAL GEOGRAPHIC CONDITIONS EXISTING IN DIFFERENT WESTERN STATES MAKE NECESSARY SLIGHT DIFFERENCES IN SADDLE CONSTRUCTION! THUS A TEXAS MAN'S SADDLE AND THE WAY HE SITS HIS KAK STAMP HIM AS A RIDER FROM THE FLAT PRAIRIES OF THE LONE STAR STATE, WHILE A COWBOY FROM OREGON RIDES A SADDLE CONSTRUCTED PARTICULARLY FOR TIMBER COUNTRY!

BASICALLY ALL STOCK SADDLES HAVE THE SAME FUNDAMENTALS—A HIGH, SLOPING CANTLE, STRONGLY BUILT FORK, HEAVY SKIRTS AND STIRRUP LEATHER!

THE WESTERN STOCK SADDLE IS STRONG AND HANDY, MADE FOR LONG HOURS AND HEAVY DANGEROUS WORK!



BLAZE CARSON

SUPPORTED BY:
TINY TELSON
RICK WALTON
HANDY BARTLETT
DEUCE BRIGGS
MARTY HILL
LACEY DREW

"TINY
TELSON
GOES TO
TOWN!"

SOUNDS LIKE
A TRUCKUS
OVER AT
WALTON'S
SALOON!

WALTON'S
SALOON

4441

THROW HIM
OUT, HANDY!

RIGHT, BOSS!

THAT CROOKED
DEALER USED A
MARKED DECK,
I TELL YA!

WHAT'S GOING ON, WALTON?
SOMEONE CATCHING UP TO
YOUR COLD-DECK
ARTISTS?

THIS IS THE
LAST TIME I'LL
BUCK THAT
CROOKED
GAME!

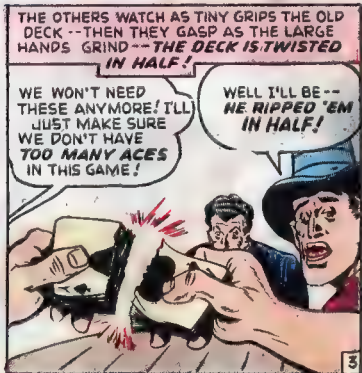
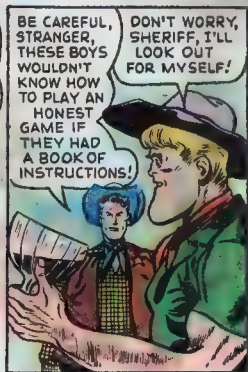
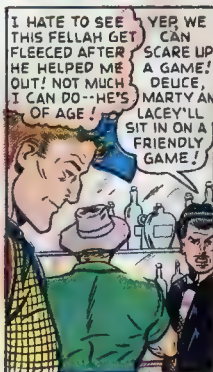
LISTEN, LAWDOG, THIS IS **MY**
BUSINESS! HE WAS JUST A POOR
LOSER, WHINING! YOU'VE MEDDLED
IN MY BUSINESS TOO OFTEN, CARSON!
WHEN YOU CAN PROVE I RUN A
CROOKED GAME, SPEAK UP!
UNTIL THEN-- KEEP YOUR
NOSE OUT OF MY
AFFAIRS!

THAT'S ENOUGH
OF YOUR LIP,
WALTON!

IT'S MY BUSINESS TO
KEEP MY EYE ON CROOKS
LIKE YOU, WALTON! I'M
WARNING YOU! FIRST
TIME I CATCH YOU
EVEN **LOOKIN'**
CROOKED, I'LL
CLOSE UP THIS
HOLE!

YOU'RE
GOIN'
TOO FAR,
TIN TOTER!
I KEEP BOYS
ON MY PAYROLL
THAT CAN TAKE
YOU--BE
CAREFUL OR
I'LL LET
THEM!





IT DOESN'T TAKE LONG FOR THE SHERIFF TO
SIZE UP THE GAME-- ALL PLAYERS COOPERATE
WITH RICK WALTON AS THEY GO TO WORK ON
THE NEWCOMER'S BANKROLL!

I NEVER THOUGHT YUH
HAD ACES FULL, WALTON!
YORE PALS DO ALL THE
BETTIN'-- THEN YOU SLIDE
IN WITH THE **BEST HAND!**

STRATEGY, MY
FRIEND,
STRATEGY! YOU'LL
GET LUCKY
SOON!



IT'S TOO MUCH FOR THE SHERIFF! HE
WARNED TINY TELSON ONCE--ALL
THAT ANY WISE MAN NEEDS!

I TOLD YOU HOW IT
WOULD GO, TINY! SEE
ME FOR EATIN' MONEY
AFTER THEY TAKE
YOU BROKE!

I'LL REMEMBER
THAT, SHERIFF--
BUT I WON'T
GO BROKE!



FUNNY HOW PEOPLE
WILL GAMBLE WHEN
THEY KNOW THE ODDS
ARE **AGAINST** WINNIN'!
TINY IS BUCKIN'
PROFESSIONAL
GAMBLERS AND HE
KNOWS IT! SOME
PEOPLE JUST HAVE
NO SENSE AT ALL!

WELL, YOU LOSE ANOTHER
CLOSE ONE, TINY! CAN'T
BE LUCKY ALL THE TIME!

I'M GLAD I HAVE
THE BOYS
SCATTERED AND
READY FOR
TROUBLE! HE'S
GETTING MAD
FAST!

NEVER MIND
THE CHATTER,
WALTON!
DEAL THE
CARDS!



LET'S SEE WHAT YUH HAVE
UP YORE SLEEVE, WALTON--
THREE ACES!
I'M GONNA MOP
UP THE FLOOR
WITH YUH!

LEGGO,
CHUMP!
GET HIM,
BOYS!



I'M GONNA--HEY,
PUT ME DOWN!
NO-- DON'T
THROW ME!

THE SHERIFF
WAS RIGHT! I'M
GONNA TEAR
THIS JOINT
APART!

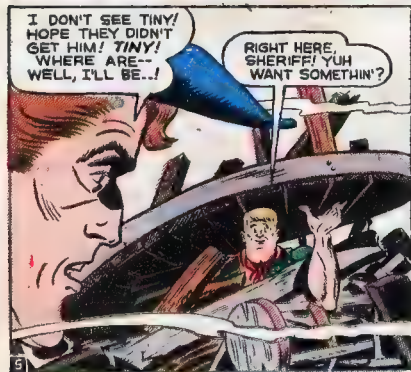
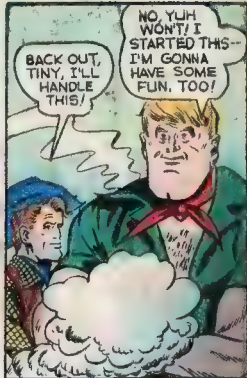
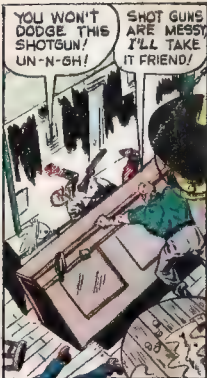
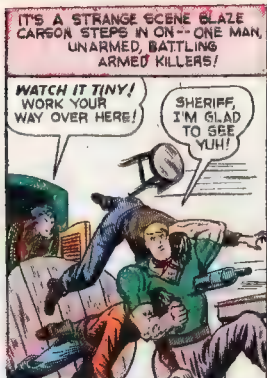


OUTSIDE THE DOOR OF WALTON'S SALOON...

FUNNY, I THOUGHT HE'D
START A RUCKUS BY
NOW! OOPS! IT'S
STARTED!

YOU'RE NEXT,
WALTON! I'LL
WRECK THE
WHOLE PLACE!





BEAMAN STAMP CO.
Dept. 15, LEEDS, AL.

Arlington-M Baltimore 15, A

Potomac Stamp Co., Dept. 7, Washington 10, D. C.

HERE AT LONG LAST!

NEW Sensational Child's Portable

RADIO

BUILT INTO A PHONE

NOT A TOY
But a Real
CHILD'S RADIO

Complete
with
MAGIC AERIAL
at No Extra Cost



DIALS
FAVORITE PROGRAMS

a **DA-MYCO**
product

*Your Favorite Programs Come
to You Through the Receiver!*

Yes, here at last is a modern, streamlined CHILD'S RADIO which brings in your favorite radio programs—like magic. Imagine, you can actually hear broadcasts coming from stations 100 miles away! Just turn the dial to your favorite program and PRESTO it's there—clear, and with plenty of volume. It's the radio sensation of the year!! Uses tube and batteries no larger than your finger. Easy to replace—inexpensive, too. Has many features found only in very expensive sets. Limited supply at the sensationally low introductory price of only \$4.98 plus \$1.00 for batteries. Order YOURS today. YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU DID!

**NOT A CRYSTAL SET, BUT A
GENUINE PORTABLE CHILD'S RADIO!**



TUNE IN RANGER
Gets Buck Rogers . . .
Brings in the "Shadow"

This is a real battery radio which tunes in stations at the "twist of the dial." Powerful for its size—clear as a bell. Precision built. A complete one tube radio built into a miniature plastic telephone. A PERSONAL radio for every child to

*Check These New
Exciting Features*

- PRIVATE earphone prevents disturbing others.
- Picks up stations within 100 miles.
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- Patented compression-type condenser.
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COMPLETE

Plus \$1.00 for NEW
**POWERHOUSE LONG
LASTING BATTERIES**

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**FOR PROMPTNESS
IN ORDERING**

If you will RUSH your order today, you will receive FREE of extra cost the amazing, new MAGIC AERIAL which will make your Radio-Phone do wonders for you.

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TODAY**

SEND NO MONEY!

Simply fill in name and address on coupon—then mail. On arrival of Radio-Phone pay postman only \$4.98 and \$1.00 for batteries, plus C. O. D. postage. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back if returned postpaid (untampered with) in 10 days time. Save money by sending cash with order. Then, we pay postage. Rush order TODAY while present limited supply lasts.

American Merchandising Co., Dept. RT-14

9 Madison Avenue Montgomery 4, Alabama

AMERICAN MERCHANDISING CO., Dept. RT-14
9 Madison Ave., Montgomery 4, Alabama

Please rush my 1 tube CHILD'S PORTABLE Radio-Phone with batteries. On arrival, I will pay postman \$4.98 and \$1.00 for batteries (total \$5.98) plus C. O. D. postage. If I'm not delighted I can return postpaid and untampered with for my money back within 10 days time.

() Send C. O. D. () Enclosed please find cash, send prepaid.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

CONGRATULATIONS, PARTNER!

**THANKS, RED RYDER! THIS
NEW HANDBOOK
HELPED ME GET
MY DAISY!**

Bill is holding his new No. 111,
1000-Shot RED RYDER CARBINE.
Daisy's cowboy carbine.

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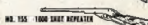
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